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A CHRISTMAS SNOWFLAKE

Anna J. Granniss

With Life Pictures

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Looking wistfully up at the gray winter skies

A CHRISTMAS SNOWFLAKE :::

A Rhyme for Children

BY

Anna J. Granniss

ILLUSTRATED

WITH LIFE PICTURES

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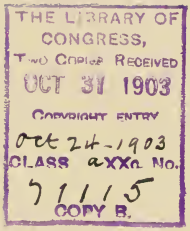

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a.m.P. 22 Dec. 1932

To the memory
of
Mary and Willie
The baby sister
And the little brother
Who went away one
Christmas
Many years ago

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A Christmas Snowflake

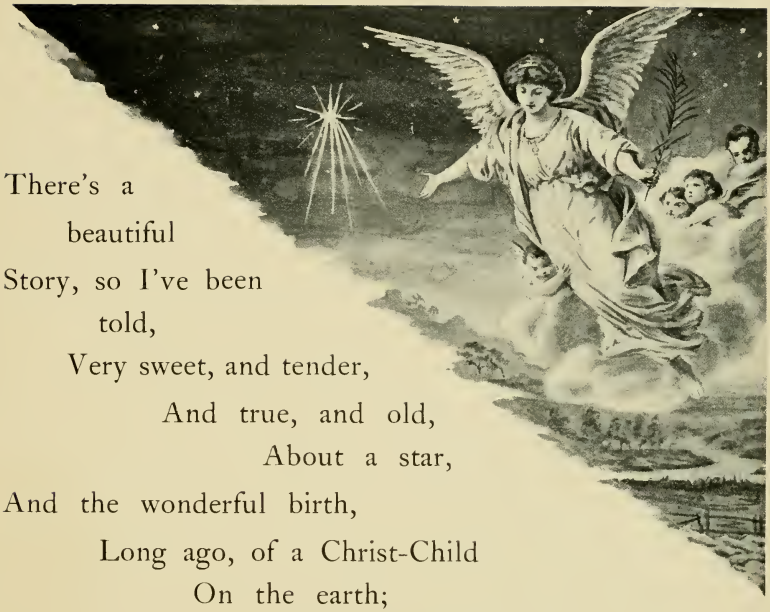
A Christmas Snowflake

A little white snowflake that lived in the sky,
Kept looking down here with a tear in its eye;
And wherever it looked, alas, it could see
The ground was as bare, and as brown, as could be;
And out of the windows, the childrens' bright eyes
Looked wistfully up, at the gray winter skies,
While one little fellow was crying outright,
Because the white snowflakes were nowhere in sight,
And how could Santa come
In his reindeer sleigh,
And Christmas now only
Just two days away?

It happened just then, that there came dancing by,
Two lovely large flakes from somewhere in the sky,
And the little flake cried, "Oh, beautiful flakes,
I've been here looking down, till my very heart aches;
See how dismal it looks, down there on the earth.
Instead of gay laughter, and shouting, and mirth,
The children are crying, their bright eyes are wet,
For thinking the snowflakes are going to forget.
Will you go down with me sometime before night?
The children would see us, and laugh with delight.

"Why you dear little flake
Now just dry your eye,"
Said the lovely white flakes,
"We'll go down by and by.
Just now, we would rather
Whirl 'round in the air,
Than to settle ourselves
Away off down there!"

"And just think," said one, "of my pretty new gown,
Being stepped on, and spoiled, and all trodden down!"
Then gaily enough they were dancing away,
When the brave little flake found courage to say,



There's a
beautiful
Story, so I've been
told,
Very sweet, and tender,
And true, and old,
About a star,
And the wonderful birth,
Long ago, of a Christ-Child
On the earth;
And now, every year
At a certain time
The bells everywhere
Ring out their chime,
And children gather
From near and from far,
To sing of that wonderful
Child, and the Star.

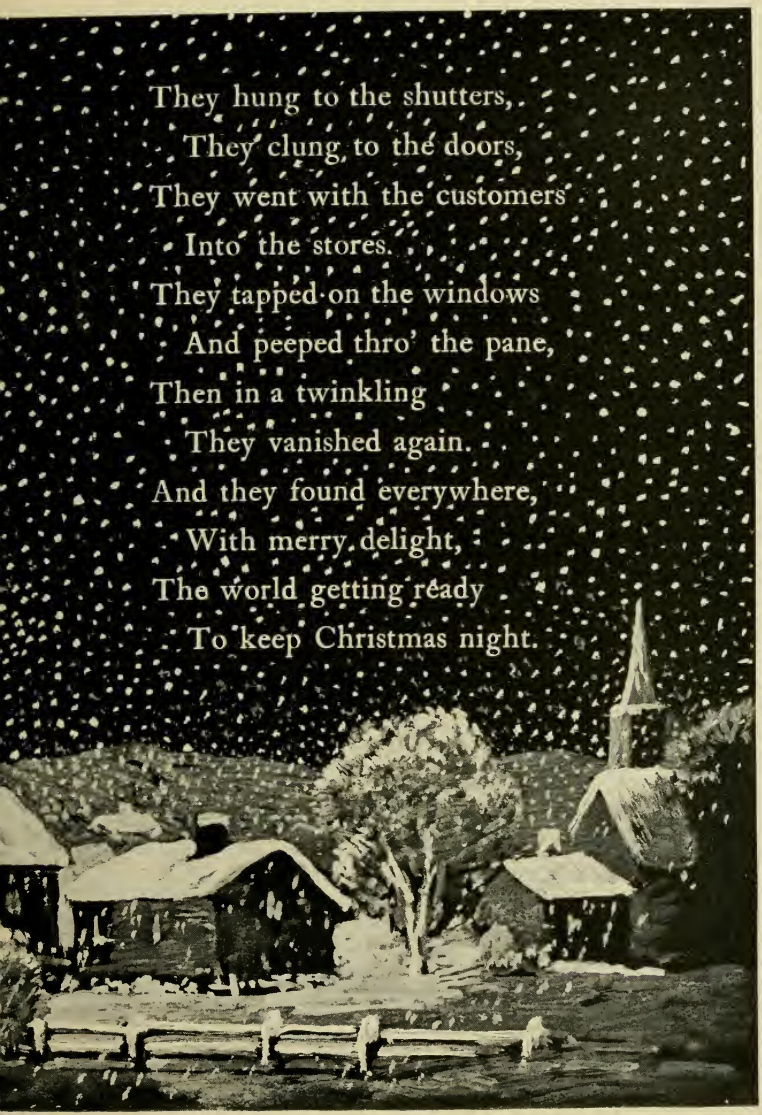
"And oh, beautiful flakes,
The time now draws near;
But alas, see the earth,
How dark and how drear!
And on Christmas morning,
Why, do you not know,
The earth must be covered
All over with snow?
Then the little flake said,
With a brave bright air,
"I'm
going
to
get
ready
and
go
down
there!"

"I'm so glad!"

And then looking down
On the dark dreary space,
The lovely flakes said,
"But in such a big place,
Why, whatever could one
Tiny snowflake do?
Such a wee little
Delicate bit like you,
You just wait half a minute
And we'll go to!"

So they hurried, and skurried,
And flew around,
And told every snowflake
That could be found;
They waltzed 'round in circles,
They danced on tip toe,
They could not hold still
Getting ready to go.

And at last they came
Flying, fluttering down,
All white in the city,
All white in the town.
They draped every steeple
And tower in sight,
They dressed all the trees
Against Christmas night,
And then covered the ground
All over with white.


They hung to the shutters,
They clung to the doors,
They went with the customers
Into the stores.
They tapped on the windows
And peeped thro' the pane,
Then in a twinkling
They vanished again.
And they found everywhere,
With merry delight,
The world getting ready
To keep Christmas night.

NOW good Mother Snowbank
Up there in the sky,
Had dropped into a doze
As the hours slipped by;

She awoke with a start,
And looking around,
Not one of her snowflakes
Was anywhere found.

She tip toed
In here,
And she tip toed
Out there,

She turned the clouds over
With greatest of care,
Not a sign of a snowflake
Was seen anywhere.

Going to find Santa

Then she puffed out her cheeks
And began to blow;
She whistled up high,
And she whistled down low;
And she blew, till the tree tops
Went to and fro.

She whistled and blew
Till the air was clear,
But the snowflakes pretended
They did not hear,

And each nestled down
In its chosen retreat,
To wait for the click
Of the reindeer's feet.

So good Mother Snowbank
Up there in the sky,
Just drew in her breath
With a long drawn sigh–

Then, she suddenly tore
A small cloud in two,
And in the queer fashion
That some people do,

She made her a night cap
To put on her head,
Then shook up her pillows
And went off to bed.

'WAY off up in Northland,
His hand to his eyes,
In his door stood Santa Claus
Scanning the skies;

He saw Mother Snowbank
Go off in a huff,
And he knew where the snowflakes
Were well enough;

For he shook his head,
And he laughed "Ho, ho, ho!
Tell me of a Christmas
Without any snow,
It's time I was getting
Things ready to go!"

HE harnessed his reindeer
So nimble and fleet,
The snow would not feel
The light touch of their feet;
He loaded his sleigh
Full of everything nice,
Then jumped in himself,
And was off in a trice—

When the reindeer snorted,
And stamped their small hoofs,
People thought 'twas the wind,
And the snow on the roofs;
So all unmolested
He worked with his might,
And was ready for home
Long before daylight.

The reindeer at home

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

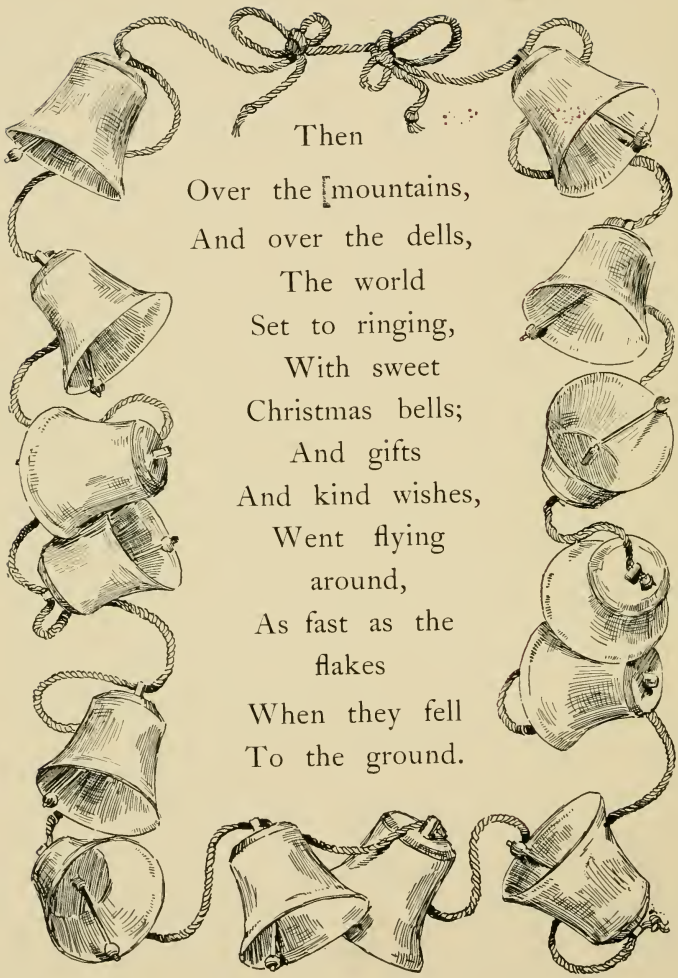
Then fainter,
and fainter,
And farther away,

Came the
Ting–a–ling–ling,
From the vanishing sleigh.

Back, over the snow
It flew like the wind,
And never once stopping,
Or looking behind,

Old Santa rode on,
Till he reached
His own door,

Just where
He had loaded,
A short time before.



Then
Over the mountains,
And over the dells,
The world
Set to ringing,
With sweet
Christmas bells;
And gifts
And kind wishes,
Went flying
around,
As fast as the
flakes
When they fell
To the ground.

And the good little flake
That up in the sky,
Had looked on the earth
With a tear in its eye,

At sound of the bells
Fairly shone with delight,
For Christmas had come,
And the world was in white,

And Santa had been
At the dead of the night,
In his reindeer sleigh,
And was safe out of sight.

And the dear little ones
Whose eyes were so wet,
Knew now, the snowflakes
Did not forget;
For over the earth
They were spread far and wide,
In a beautiful robe
For the glad Christmas tide—
While down to the wondering
World from above,
Came the spirit of Peace,
Of Goodwill, and Love.

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